NURSERY AUTOCRATS.

CUNNING BABIES IN THE WHITE HOUSE

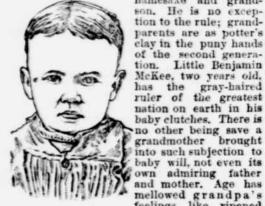
The President's Grandchildren and Their Attractive Mothers.

A house without a baby in it is only half furnished, even if it be the White House in Washington. No home is complete without its little bit of nature's finest handiwork of clay, molded into a dimpled, rollicking, bewitching, beloved child! True, baby-boy or girlis always a despot, but husband and wife are only half developed who know not the joys and cares that discipline them through the little people of the world. There have been "boys" and "girls" in the presidential household before, but genuine babies scarcely ever. There is a new kind of English spoken in those stately rooms now. Its name is "baby-talk;" only mammas and the babies can understand it. Even papas have to fall back upon an interpreter when they wish to communicate with their children. The cooing, dancing, frolicsome, sometimes boisterous baby has transformed the upper rooms of the old White House, that has turned almost every other page of life but this. Grandmamma and an adoring grandpapa think there is no end of amusement and recreation in the company of these children's children.

IN THE NURSERY.

When President Harrison wearies of the duties and dignities of his station, he is glad to slip out of his office and kick the cares metaphorically under the table, pull off dress coat nd boots for dressing-gown and slippers, when he has only to step across the hall into the nursery, behold, he is transformed into another creature! He becomes a most obedient, pliant tool in the despotic hand of his two-year-old namesake and grand-

tion. Little Benjamin



grandmother brought into such subjection to baby will, not even its own admiring father and mother. Age has mellowed grandpage BENJAMIN M'KEE. feelings like ripened fruit. Life's trials and sorrows have disciplined him, he knows how uncertain these little beings' lives are, and he trembles and adores. He cannot be so strict and exacting as he was with his own, before he

realized these mysteries of life. his part in every little tussel he and I have with our wills," said the fond mother, "that one day I said: 'Papa I do believe you love him as well as though he were your own child.'"

"I do daughter, I do! better than I did my

own when I was younger. I now understand human nature and life more truly, and it is not worth while to be as strict as I once thought it a duty to be, with children. LIKE HIS GRANDFATHER.

Little Benjamin resembles his grandfather in features, and already he shows signs of being A hero's virtues, and a nation's birth. a politician. Last summer, when the general was daily receiving delegates and congratulaions, sometimes his little favorite was present. If his grandpapa did not begin to shake hands. the little man never failed to seize his hand and motion for his grandsire to go through that important ceremony. He seemed to realize with a prophetic vision that the future | From the Chicago Mail. lways give him his full name) has a large head, fair hair and blue eyes. He rolled over sleepily on the lounge, when

with an expression of wonder and amazement to take a morning nap without an interruption from the ubiquitous interviewer?" The little fellow wears white frocks, and will for some MISS MARY DODGE M'KEE

delegation on dress parade, with banners flying and "toot" horns blowing. Both she and her brother Benjamin had a great admiration for the "umbrella brigade"

when they passed by the Indianapolis home with their variegated sun-shades bobbing up and down like gorgeous hollyhocks in the summer wind. They clapped their baby hands and crowed with delight and

thought the spectacle 4 triotism transformed him from a crying baby to a miniature politician. He hurrahed gotten up for their spefirst hurrah, and learned to sing "Marchin'

through Georgia" from MARY DODGE M'KEE. hearing it so much. Usually he neither tries to talk or sing, since everybody seems to obey his will by the signs he makes. He is gallant, this little man in petticoats, who adores his "booful mamma," and when

she says to him, as fond mammas will, "Who is sweet?"-meaning he is all the while-he never fails to respond "Mamma sweet," and nothing will make him say anything different on the subject. Not even papa, or baby sister are worthy



No doubt somebody else thinks she is sweet, for she is a woman of thorough femininity from the crown of her pretty head to the sole of her dainty foot, and her heart's desire is centered in her home life. She possesses a fund of west-ern sense which always runs close to the smooth grooves of good common sense. Her conversa-tional powers are good; her memory of faces such that she never fails to recognize people even who have no special claim upon her at-tention. Her level-headedness is not one whit justled from its poise by the elevation of her it may bring in the way of privileges or re-

There will be no lack of the brilliancy of young womanhood that characterized Mrs. Cleveland's career in the White House,

Home life is too precious to be swallowed up by official duties with this devoted mother. She will never be too much engrossed to ask why her child cries, to watch over her nurses to see that they perform the duties assigned



MRS. RUSSELL HARRISON. fection existing between Mrs. McKee and her brother's charming wife, Mrs. Russell Harrison. The latter is Mrs. McKee's opposite in physical type, having light complexion and hair. One has sparkling dark eyes, the other There is a beautiful apparent feeling of af-

melting blue ones. Both are domestic in their tastes and fond mothers.

Mrs, Russell Harrison's little girl Mar-thena is a bright little creature, with fair hair and blue eyes like her ousin's, only otherwise she resembles her mam ma. She has a grand mother for whom she is named, who adores her as fondly as Benjamin's grandpapa does him. Mrs. ex-Senator Saunders delights to pay her daughter's child almost daily visits, and although only fourteen

grandmamma's admiration with baby interest, paid in the coin of the realm of baby kisses. EABLY EXPERIENCES. All these little folks are enduring the greatest and first experience of life worth mentioning. They are cutting teeth; and if they don't like to be pulled and hauled about or bathed when they do not want to be, who can blame them for getting up an awful squall that echoes through the corridors of the White House? THE NURSERY

had to be somewhere, and there are none too many living rooms in the presidential mansion (scarcely enough), so that as a large room was wanted, everybody concerned helped to decide that it should be the largest bedroom on the north front. Nellie Grant, that other President's daughter,

used to occupy this room, and dream dreams that never came true, although many fine things did, just such romantic dreams of earthly happiness as are dreamed in cottage homes. President Arthur slept there, but not so oundly but that shades of his beloved, with ghosts of political enemies, walked in the pale moonlight.

President Cleveland and his bride consecrated it with conjugal love, and now little children bring into it the life and light of home, united to motherhood and fatherhood as exhibited in two generations. Its proximity brings home life close to the everlasting grind, grind of political machinery turning out "Ministers plenpotentiary" and postmasters by the score, and office-seekers whose "cranks" squeak, however much the hinges are oiled.

There are two beds in the nursery, which, with the lounges, cribs, rocking-chairs, and et cetera that accompany baby life, not leaving out toys and playthings scattered about, complete the homelike picture, with a fire burning cheerily on the ingleside hearth.

Written for THE EVENING STAR. An Ode to the Bell. [The bell of St. Peter's was rung for the last time on the 30th of April to celebrate the Centennial of Washington.]

Farewell! From out thy steeple Thou hast told the people For many a year of love beyond the earth. With an untiring zeal Thy joyous peal Each day has message of redemption sung; "Why papa so indulges little Benjamin, takes In all our joy and sorrow thou hast rung. Gaily when we were wed. And mourning with our beloved dead. Thy voice is silent now, and it is meet, For old St. Peter lies in ruins at thy feet. Thou dids't not toll its death For it will rise again mid joy and mirth. Thy latest breath

Dear, old familiar bell,

Chimed full and strong: Clear and exultant, rang thy dying song, From thy unsteady tower Chanting a full half-hour

A CHICAGO TRADDLES.

How He is Economizing and is Happy in His Work.

depended greatly upon extending a cordial greeting to everybody. Little Benjamin (they say Dickens' characters are greatly self, and the forward movement must await the that you never find in real life a hand or far in the rear. The movement of mi-Micawber, a Pecksniff, or a Traddles. THE STAR correspondent tried to interview him. I know better. I've found Traddiesonly he's more of a Traddles than ever that implied: "Can't a baby even be privileged | Traddles was himself. He married his 'dearest girl' last summer, and ever since that time has so far as they show the relative speed of migrabeen the happiest man I've seen or ever hope to see. But the economical streak it gave him is the most remarkable thing I ever ran across. He is eight months old, but she has seen a good recognized that he had been wasting time and with the most northern record of the same deal of life for one of her tender age, and is, money, and he started in at once to change all consequently, not afraid of men, women, or a that. I met him a couple of months later in a drug store with his pretty little wife, and asked him to have one of my favorite cigars. 'No,' he said, 'I've quit smoking. Quit right after I got married.' The other evening I met him again. I hann't seen him since last fall, and was surprised to find him wearing a beard, which didn't in the least become him. Not only that, but his hair was clipped close to his head. I remembered how handsome he used to be with only a mustache, and his hair cut pompadour, and asked him if he was in disguise.

"He laughed delightedly. 'The boys in the office,' he said, 'have lots of fun with me about

my whiskers and my short hair, but I have more fun out of that than they do. I know why I'm doing this, you see, and 'hey don't.' 'Then, with his face all aglow, he said: 'You see, I'm a married man now, and after awile I'll be a father. A shave costs 15 cents. I figure that every time I let that go I have saved 15 cents for the baby. But hair-cuts I must have, so I get just as much for the money as I can—I have it clipped as close as the barber can clip it. So it lasts longer. See? "He went on then to tell me some other

'I have half an hour's time for dinner. he said, 'but I don't take it. I eat a bite as I work, and in the course of a month those half hours amount to thirteen full hours. This is a day and a half extra. It all counts, See those shoes? You know I always used to have my shoes made to order at \$15 a pair? Well, these cost me \$5, and I have worn them all winter. I will oil them up, put them away, and wear them next winter, too. haven't bought any clothes since I married, but I have my eye on a suit. I have it all picked out, and am going to buy it a year from next fall. It will cost \$14.

"This last statement was given point by the fact that at that time he had on a light overcoat for which a few years ago he had paid \$65, and a suit, also purchased some time back, which had cost him \$70. He told me that he hadn't been away from home an evening since he had married, except one when his wife was absent. And he is happier, it seems, with each succeeding day, and his work and his economy for the sake of his sweet young wife and the little one that is to be are not the least of his many pleasures. He is a character Dickens would have been delighted to find, and if the great novelist had painted him I am sure that in all the range of his great and good people there would not have been one with a bigger heart and more lovable, generous

EARLY OBJECTION TO COAL. At One Time a Capital Offense to Burn it as Fuel.

From the Hardware Trade Journal (Eng.) The discussion of the probability of there being a deposit of coal in the Thames valley and under the city of London, of which there seems to be considerable evidence, recalls some interesting facts connected with surroundings, or likely to be by any or all that its earliest use in that city. When coal was first introduced into London as a fuel, very serious objection was taken to its use. It appears that in the beginning of the fourteenth century, brewers and smiths of the city, finding the high price of wood pressing hard upon their returns, resolved to make some experiments with coal, but immediately an outery was raised against them by persons an outery was raised against them by persons living near the breweries and forges; the king was petitioned, and a law was passed prohibiting the burning of coal within the city. Those who tried it, however, found the new fuel to be so much superior to wood that they persisted in its use. But so determined was the government to suppress what was reverted as an intelegable nuisance.

what was regarded as an intolerable nuisance. that a law was passed making the burning of coal in London a capital offense, and it is recoal in London a capital offense, and it is re-corded that one man at least was executed un-gether, but no one can say how much farther, der that law. It would appear that the ladies were most bitterly opposed to the use of coal for domestic purposes. They considered the smoke to be ruinous to their complexions and would not at-

tend parties at houses in which the objection-able fuel was used. Some persons went the length of refusing to eat food of any kind that

had been cooked on a coal fire. A noted Washington wag and beau of thirty years age signed his name "A. More." Mrs. John Washington had invited him to a formal dinner party at Mount Vernon. The company all arrived except Mr. More, but knowing his

TIMING THE BIRDS. The Speed at Which They Fly in Their

Annual Migrations. INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICUL-TURE-THE RATE OF FLIGHT CALCULATED-FLYING BY NIGHT.

An interesting report on bird migration in the Mississippi valley in the years 1884 and 1885, prepared by W. W. Cooke, under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, has just been issued by the Department of Agriculture. The migrations of birds are treated as the result of inherited experience. The first migrations it is held were doubtless, Mr. Cooke says, limited in extent, and probably were intelligent movements which through repetition became habitual, and the habit was transmitted from parent to offspring until it has become the governing impulse of the bird's life. It is unloubtedly true, the writer says, that love of the nesting ground, which is to them their home, is the foundation of the desire for migration, and year after year they find their way thousands of miles back to the same box or tree by the exercise of memory -not always the memory of the individual, but the memory inherited from numberless preceding generations which have passed and repassed over the same route. Dr. Merriam in a note added to this takes exception to the statement that love of the nesting-ground is the foundation of the desire for migration. This explanation, he asserts, is forced and unnecessary. Birds desert their winter homes, he holds, because the food supply fails; because the climatic conditions become unsuited to their needs; because the approach of the breeding season gives rise to physiological restlessness, and because they inherit an irresistble impulse to move at this particular time of the year. THE RETURN SOUTHWARD.

Mr. Cooke says the return movement of birds southward is obviously the result of two causesthe approach of winter and the failure of the food supply. Of these two, the latter is probably by far the more powerful, since it is well known that single individuals of species which retire far to the south often remain behind, and, favored by an abundance of food, with stand the most severe weather. Thus many red-headed woodpeckers remain through the winter in the cold climate of northeastern New York, frequenting the heavy timber, where there is a great quantity of their favorite food and it is not unusual for a few robins to spend the winter in north central Wisconsin. sheltered in the thick pine forests; while ducks, and even Wilson's suipe, have been known to remain throughout the whole winter in Wyoming, near the hot springs, whose warmth keeps the neighboring waters and ground from freezing. Nevertheless, it is as yet unexplained why some birds, notably many of the warblers, retire in winter to such a great distance south, some even crossing the equator and passing several hundred miles beyond. Certainly neither cold nor hunger can be the cause of such wanderings. It has been often noticed that during the fall migration many birds seem to be able to foretell the approach of storms from the north, and harriedly depart southward, before human eyes can detect any signs of the coming change.

SPEED AT WHICH BIRDS MIGRATE. In studying the speed at which birds proceed northward in their migrations Mr. Cook says, one is beset by many difficulties. To determine the comparative speed of the several species is easy enough, but to determine the absolute rate-the exact number of miles which a particular bird makes during one day's journey-is beyond our power. While in the fall migration the younger birds lead, in the spring they loiter behind, and it is the old birds, those in whom we may suppose the love of home and the desire for procreation are strongest, which press forward so eagerly. Moreover, of these old birds, those which arrive first at a given place, as a rule, are birds which lived there the previous summer and which will remain there to breed. arrival of the next corps, which may be near at gration, then, is made up of a series of constant overlappings, and the real speed is evidently much greater than the apparent. Of this real speed of transit we take no account, and our culated rates, therefore, are of value only in tion of the different species. In the accompanying report the speed of migration is calcusted in the following manner: The most southcharacter; the distance in miles between these two stations is divided by the number of days elapsing from the time the species made its ap-pearance at the southern station to the date at ich it was seen by the northern observer. The result gives the average daily rate of migration in miles for the species. For example : The Baltimore oriole was seen at Rodney, Miss. miles between the two stations, which gives an

average speed of 27 miles a day. HASTENING THEIR FLIGHT. The records of fifty-eight species for the spring of 1883 give an average speed of 23 miles a day for an average distance of 420 difference. miles. A study of the records for 1883 led to the statement that in spring birds migrate more rapidly in the northern portion of their routes of travel than in the southern. In the spring of 1884 twenty-five species of wellbirds, concerning which we had full records, were selected for careful study. The result bears out the foregoing statement. The distance traveled was divided as nearly as possible into two equal portions, and the speed was calculated for each. Some of the records do not admit of division; others show an equal speed throughout, while six show an increase 77 per cent in speed for the northern half. and three show a decrease of 47 per cent. Thus it will be seen that the record is strongly in favor of the increase. The same result may be reached by calculating the average speed of these twenty-five species separately for each of the different months in which migration is performed; the average speed for March is 19 miles, for April 23 miles, and for May 26 miles per day. The record for 1884 also confirms the statement that the later a bird migrates the

higher average speed it will attain. In all probability the same bird seldom migrates for several nights in succession, but stops to rest after a flight of a night or two, so that the birds migrating one night are not the same individuals that were moving the night

In regard to the relative speed at which the different species travel, all that can be said at present is that those which migrate later have, as a rule, the highest rate. Thus the average speed of the robin, cowbird and golden-shafted flicker is about 12 miles a day, while the average of the summer redbird, Baltimore oriole, ruby-throated hummer and nighthawk is 28 miles. If we try to calculate the relative speed of the different families, we find that some of the species in a family migrate early and slowly, others late and rapidly. bringing the average of most of the families very close to the general average of all, which, as already stated, is 23 miles a day. Birds have seldom been seen while on their way in undis turbed migration at night. It is known that birds do not move rapidly, as a rule, when migrating in the daytime, but from the meager material at hand it may be inferred that the speed at night is considerably greater. During day-migration the smaller land birds rarely fly faster than 15 miles an hour, though the larger birds, such as cranes, geese, ducks, &c., move much more rapidly. At Red Rock, Indian territory, between August 25 and September 5, 1884, the cliff swallows and night hawks were conspicuous every morning and evening slowly drifting south and southwest in their fall migration. For an hour and a half parties of birds would pass by in almost un-broken succession. Many hundred nighthawks were seen during a single evening, and the number of swallows was much greater. The result of timing them on several occasions gave a rate of about 10 to 14 miles an hour, the former being the more usual speed. This slow rate was caused by the irregularity of the flight, as the birds captured their evening and morning meals on the wing. The morning flight lasted an hour only, and was made at about the same speed. Thus, a distance of about 30 miles would be traveled by each indi-THE HOST OF WARBLERS.

The material gathered from the keepers of light-houses seems to indicate that neither Swallows nor Nighthawks migrate to any extent after night fall. The advance of the hosts of Warblers, as they move incessantly forward from tree-top to tree-top, is still slower, probably being but a few miles during a whole day. Geese in their northward flight along the Atlantic coast traverse great distances, sometimes covering from 300 to 600 miles at a single flight, and it cannot be said positively that the larger birds do not do the same over the land. Still, the records so far made seem to indicate that the smaller land birds, such as Warblers, Finches, and the like, do not perform long journeys at one time when over land, but their voyages over the Gulf of Mexico prove that even these small species possess great power of flight.

ANNUAL HOUSE CLEANING. Some Practical Suggestions to Industrious Housekeepers.

THE USUAL WORK OF SPRING-HINTS FOR TAKING UP CARPETS AND REMOVING FURNITURE -TREATMENT OF MOTH FLIES-STORING AWAY WOOLEN GOODS-BENEDICK AT HOME.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors and scouring far and near, And when the carpets all are up, and from the stair-The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom

preme satisfaction which she can so efficaciously extract and so thoroughly enjoy in the concernment and the making of and her first appearance in her new spring suit or pretty Easter bonnet, her fancy turns to thoughts of house-cleaning. If she happens not to be a housekeeper, upon whose shoulders more or less responsibility rests, it does not follow that she is exempt from those vexations which worry the spirit, for she must meet the question as to what she shall do or where she shall go when her own cozy apartments are turned topsy-turvy by the one who does do the work of housekeeping. The house-cleaning business is a necessary annual visitor—a part of spring itself—a de-gree higher than the brushing up of everything | feel comfortably sure that when and the laying down of carpets in the fall-a

time when the contents of every nook and corner must be taken out, dusted, or scrubbed, and put back in perfect and inviting order. or make a call. Or the winds blow and the rain pours just when the windows should be open for ventilation. Or, when the cool, airish spring breezes sweep through the halls, and clear the atmosphere, odds are that the result will be a fine crop of influenza. The object of this paper, however, is not to

moralize upon the condition of affairs at such a time, so much as to offer some practical suggestions gathered here and there from the experimental reports of veterans in the busi-

HOW TO CLEAN A ROOM. "Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house

contented? Alas! they're all turned upside down, that quiet suite With slops and suds and soap and sand and tubs and

It is best always to clean one room at a time

even if it requires a single day to each one. Begin by dusting and removing all the small articles and ornaments, and then the large pieces, pictures, and mirrors. Take down the curtains and dust thoroughly. If the floor is carpeted sweep this clean, then remove the tacks, fold together carefully so as to raise as little dust as possible, and take it out into the air, where it should be well beaten, and at once. The carpet-lining, newspapers or straw used under the carpets should be removed arefully, and the floor swept-sprinkled first, f necessary, to lay the dust. After taking up the dust the floor should be wiped with a damp mop, not wet enough to washed with a soft white flannel cloth, warm water, and good soap. If light-colored or white, whiting in the water will improve the appearance. If the board is very much soiled, a little ammonia in the water will cleanse it perfectly, but will remove the polish. Wash the windows in ammonia water, and the floor also, after the base board has been finished. When the floor is dry and the carpets well shaken put down the atter, if they are to be used; put up the curtains, bring in the furniture, pictures, &c., wiping them thoroughly with a cloth.

If it is inconvenient to remove the carpet weep it carefully after all other things have been taken out, and when the dust has settled go over it again with the broom, sweeping it Then put two quarts of warm water in a pail and add to it three tablespoonfuls of ammonia and two of spirits of turpentine.

dust is blown back into the room, some clings to the house, and some is blown through the windows into other rooms.

TREATMENT OF THE MOTH FLY. Those aromatic insects that so often seek to 'steal A march' on blood relationship, with mercenary zeal, Are doomed to suffer martyrdom beneath this tragic And every tramping moth fly will be sacrificed as well."

The annual house-cleaning process presents many virtues other than the mere getting rid of dust and dirt and giving to the surroundings a cheerful, airy appearance. Not the least among these is an opportunity to encompass and extirpate the moth fly, which invariably colonizes in warm, comfortable houses during the winter and leaves, as a compensating re-(lat. 31° 52'). April 7. It was not seen at Oak Point, Manitoba (lat. 50° 30'), until May 25. It was therefore 48 days it passing over the 1,298 moth is the dread and despair of the housemembrance, its infantile larvæ to obtain and enjoy life through the summer. The clothkeeper. It is bohemian, and was originally dumped upon American soil by indiscreet and undiscerning foreigners. They differ in the brilliancy of their colors and the colors of their larvæ, but their object in life is the same and they cut holes in fabrics with corresponding in-

It is not necessary to sun winter-wooler clothing before putting it away, as many people do, as they are worn regularly, and consequently aired by the wearer, but it is necessary that they should be brushed and put away promptly upon being laid aside, as they are liable to receive the germ of destruction if allowed to lie about at all. Those woolen garments which are worn during the summer should be taken out and brushed regularly

when not kept in constant use. But carpets, cloths, cloth-covered furniture. furs and rugs should be exposed to the air and sunlight. The deadly enemy of the moth fly is benzine. If a house is badly infested a free use of benzine, puffed with a hand-atomizer into the cracks of the floor, around the baseboard and in dark closets. This benzine spray will kill the insect in every stage, and is one of the few substances which will destroy the egg. It is inflammable, and caution should be taken to make or use no light in the room until it evaporates-say for half an hour. Cloth-covered furniture, chest or drawers, &c., can be treated advantageously the same way. When the work of the larvæ is discovered i

may be arrested and entirely destroyed by placing over the goods at the affected part and ironing it with a hot iron. The steam thus generated will pass through the cloth and exterminate every vestige of life.

HOW TO CARE FOR FURS, ETC.

"The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago.
The carpets shaken, windows washed (as all the neighbors know).
And now the furs and sealskin coat must go through their owied.

their ordeal, Be packed in boxes tight, both make believe and real." The proper packing away of furs and winter clothing for the summer is a serious matter. Cedar chests and cedar wardrobes and various compounds in the way of powders, camphor, pepper, tobacco, turpentine, carbolic acid, &c., have been invented and urged by writers. Experience, however, teaches that one of the est methods is one of the simplest. After a thorough brushing and a generous spraying of benzine the goods can be carefully folded and packed in strong pasteboard boxes, securely gumming a strip of strong paper around the edge of the cover, so as to leave no crack or crevice. These boxes, with proper use, will last for a score of years. Camphor, tobacco, naphthaline, or other strong odorants may be used, but they are only partial repellants, and without the above or similar precautions very often fail, as every housekeeper may chance to

OVERHAULING THE SANCTUM. 'And now when comes the master home, as come he

must o'nights,
To find all things are 'set to wrongs' that they have
'set to rights,'
And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss And wishes she were out at sea in a rather leaky boat." There is a point, however, in the line of

house-cleaning at which, nautically speaking breakers may appear, and if care and tact be not employed a stormy time may result. It is when the overhauling extends into the office, library, study, or whatever name that individual known as "the man of the house" chooses to dignify the spartment he maintains as his personal sanctum.

The position of a man in his own house is anomalous. It appears paradoxical at first glance to assert that the master of a domain "Yes" should seem to hold a place in it on sufferance. That such a state of affairs does exist in many mes will hardly be denied by the close observer of domestic arrangements.

One of the most inexplicable mysteries to the

One of the most inexplicable mysteries to the average man's mind is the necessity of a general house-cleaning when he knows each room has been swept and dusted once a week at least, the windows occasionally polished, the closets put to rights now and then, and the pantry, kitchen and cellar subject to a constant inspection. to a constant inspection. Such a man must be dealt with artfully and cautiously—when so, his "den" may be invaded and thoroughly renovated without his being in the least the wiser. The designing of the method to be pursued demands as much consideration as the planning of a campaign in war or politics. It is a strong point, in carrying out the program, to resist the temptation, so common with industrious women, of rushing into the heat of the conflict

and endeavor to finish the business with the ECHOES OF THE CENTENNIAL. SEVEN HUNDRED. speed of a locomotive. Few men arrange their papers upon a table or desk to correspond with the ideas of a woman, consequently in clean-ing an office that part should be left to Bene-dick—especially if he be nervous or finniky. The books should be replaced with the utmost care, for when one of reference is wanted and is not to be found somebody's angry passions are liable to explode. It is best to divide the work, and do one thing only and completely during his absence at his daily vocation, that he may not return to find "set to wrongs" what had been "set to rights" before he left. By the observation of this and similar "importatrifles," which present themselves as circum-stances occasion, a good deal of the purgatorial condition of "domestic felicities" cleaning times may be obviated. A man can-When a woman has derived all of that sunot have the same feeling about a house a woman does-dear as home may be to him. It is

> ducing too sharp an interruption in the daily rontine to which he is accustomed. On the other hand some men are discreditin the provence of a woman with a strong will and a good stout tongue to exercise the for which neither Judge Miller, the District Commissioners nor public sentiment would sort of a man is in question the worthy housekeeper can go right along, give the premises a rough overhauling from top to bottom and

him against what is so much to her by intro-

"He meets her at the parlor door with hair and cap with sieeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in papers. and put back in perfect and inviting order.
When all this is going on what a state of confusion exists. And how often neighbors, friends, or acquaintances select that very time to return

The left quite small, and knowfull well there's nothing to be said.

But hold his tongue, and drink his tea, and sneak away to bed.

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SEASIDE IMPOSITIONS. but now presented. Wherein we dwelt, nordreamed of dirt, so cozy and Valueless Bits of Colored Glass Sold for multitudes trying to get away found their Native Gems.

From the New York Times.

For several years past visitors at Narragansett Pier during the summer months and recently at Old Point Comfort in winter have been victimized by lapidaries who stimulated the curious to search for pebbles along the beach, telling them that the debris of the strand were native gems and ornamental stones, such as emeralds, moonstones, agates, topazes, &c., and could be cut into valuable souvenirs. Many persons took these impostors at their word, and searched diligently among the detritus of the beach for white and colored pebbles, hoping to have them transformed into stones of value. The make-believe lapidaries would transform an opaque white pebble into a poor Ceylonese moonstone, an artificiallycolored yellow topaz, or a piece of green, red, or yellow glass.

An expert to whom some of these specimens were shown said that they had the marks of Ceylonese, Oberstein, or St. Marcel lapidaries, The methods of these thaumaturgists will be understood, however, when it is explained that their machinery is of such a dangerous character that they refused \$15 from a customer for the privilege of seeing a single stone which he had found undergo the cutting process. The explanation they offered for this strange proeding on their part was that they knew too much to endanger the lives of others in that reckless manner, referring doubtless to the attack of "see" sickness that might overtake the observer in watching the operation. The lapidaries of Brighton, England, have at least the decency to do their own "salting" and cutting, strewing the beach with broken bottle glass When cleaning a room never shake rugs, curtains, &c., out of the windows. Much of the dust is blown book in the name of "Brighton emeralds."

In the cases instanced at American watering places the material picked up on the beach is never cut, it being so much cheaper to substitute a poor foreign-cut stone. This may seem amusing at first thought, but when one hears of families delaying their departure for weeks to search for pebbles, and hotel chambermaids investing their savings in these bogus finds, it becomes more serious. The victims are of all classes, including college presidents, art critics, bridal couples, convalescents, &c. What they treasure so carefully as a souvenir of a pleasant vacation in the belief that it is an American gem native to the locality is not an American stone at all, nor a gem in any sense, but a poor foreign substitute. "Comme ou Chante a Vingt Ans."

Into the opal sky
The glowing sun did spring:
The lark, still mounting high, His morning song did sing; And joy was everywhere— Over the awallow's nest, O'er wood and meadow fair. O'er each new floweret blest. And even I, in joy at spring's delights begun Even I began to sing as we sang at twenty-one.

And soon there met my sight A maiden fair and young. Ah, could I paint aright The grace that round her hung Oh, vain! For seeing her Beside the crystal sea, So young, and oh, so fair. My heart went out of me; alone and sad, gazing these things upon-

Even I began to muse as we muse at twenty-one. I came next day again; Not walking by the shore, But by the wayside, then I saw the maid once more. I saw that there were two! Two souls together—joy!
Ah me, what bliss they knew— What bliss without alloy!

And I? Ah me! By grief at their content undone,

A Modern Mrs. Partington.

I wept with bitter tears, as we weep at twenty-one.

-EUGENE FIELD, ofter Beranger.

From the Boston Transcript. Mrs. Thrifty, an excellent and prosperous 'widow woman," who keeps a store in a famous and favorite Massachusetts town, has a genius in language which would set a new Mrs. Partington up in business. She used to come to Boston with great regularity to make her purchases. "Now," she said not long ago to a city visitor, "there ain't much need of my goin' to Boston, with so many of these drummers comin' around. And yet I'm goin' there soon to refurbish my stock of dittoes." "Your stock of what, Mrs. Thrifty?"

"Dittoes. All sorts of things, you know." "Oh, yes!" The visitor could imagine what "dittoes"

were. But it was the first time she had heard them called by that name. "Yes," Mrs. Thrifty went on, "I like to go to Boston first-rate. When I get there, the first thing I do is to take one of them 'ere hoodlums

The visitor was about to faint. The spectacle of the excellent Mrs. Thrifty driving around Boston with a hoodlum was too much for her composure. And she looked so much at a loss to know what was meant that Mrs. Thrifty ex-"Why I mean one of them new-fangled one-

and then drive all around town.'

horse cab carriages. I want to know if you don't know what a hoodlum is!" "Oh, Mrs. Thrifty! you mean a herdic!" "A-a what? Why, when I was there they called 'em hoodlums!" Useless to try and convince her; and no doubt the next time she comes to Boston to buy

dittoes, she will stand in front of the Old Colony

station and call for a hoodlum. When her conversation with Mrs. Thrifty had reached this point, the city visitor thought best to change the subject, and related her own experiences during her last summer's vacation, when she went up the Hudson river and made a tour through the Adirondacks. "And did you climb the cascades?"

Mrs. Thrifty.
"I-I-oh, the cascades were very beautiful, Mrs. Thrifty-very beautiful." The city visitor felt that she had got out of the scrape with this evasive answer. But she doesn't know to this day just what the excellent woman meant by "climbing the cascades."

He Passed. From the Merchant Traveler. "Young man, you want to marry my daugh-

"You have no objections to my asking you a few questions. What's the sure way of coming out ahead on a horse race?" "Don't bet."
"Very good. What is the best hand in the deck at a poker game?"
"Ace high, if you have nerve enough."
"What's the best way to get along with a wo-

"Give her everything she wants." "Young man, it's useless to question you further. You are fitted to make a model husband."

There's one good thing about the new administration. It hasn't snubbed anybody yet. But then, the servants are all new and the society correspondents haven't got very well acquainted in the kitchen. That takes a little time.—Burdette,

How New York Looks After the Great Celebration.

CLEARING UP THE DEBRIS-FEATURES OF THE AFFAIR REVIEWED-DISGRACEFUL SCENES AT THE BALL-M'ALLISTER AVENGED-PRAISE POR ADMIRAL PORTER AN DWASHINGTON SOLDIERS.

Correspondence of THE EVENING STAR.

NEW YORK, May 3. We are not yet done clearing up the debris of this week's centennial celebration. A good part of it that isn't disposed of is resting in the station-houses and on Blackwell's island in the shape of drunks and disorderlies, pickpockets and confidence men from out of town, who are guests of the city longer than they anticipated. her sphere-what his business interests are to him her housekeeping affairs are to her. Thus, In one period of two hours that I spent Tuesit is not altogether wise in her to prejudice day night with the newspaper reporters at the nineteenth precinct station-house no less than twenty-four disorderly strangers were sent below by the sergeant for examination. Ten out ably tempestuous, no matter how placid and of the twenty-four appealed to the reporters to pleasant home matters might be. Then it is keep their names out of the papers, and six out of the ten asked the favor on the ground that they themselves were newspaper men. I think they lied. Newspaper men aren't in the habit condemn her in Washington. When this of calling each other "brother," and that is the endearing way five out of the six accosted Barker Bradford, the spokesmen for the New York reporters. The sixth man said he was a "iournalist," and that settled it. His was the only name printed next morning in all the

Some more debris that isn't yet cleared up is the cheap tri-colored bunting with which much of the decoration of buildings was done. Nobody knows what to do with it, and it can't be given away. It won't wash. The great rain of last week Saturday amalgamated all the colors into one, and the result was that houses all over town were dripping with a dark red gore that dyed every passer-by until citizens and visitors looked as if they had been wading in carnage. Awnings, even white marble fronts. bear the stains from the cheap patriotism of the decorators, and a stone-mason told me that only a marble chisel will remove the ugly coloring from the dedaubed fronts of houses, AFTER THE PARADE.

Fifth avenue looks disreputable. At the wind-

up of the industrial parade on Wednesday the progress barricaded on every square by tens of thousands of nail and beer kegs, cracker boxes, soap boxes, dry goods boxes, orange crates, and lumber. These impedimenta had been used by curbstone speculators in erecting stands of their own, on which they rented standing room at half a dollar a head. Orange and banana peels, peanut shells, remnants of ham sandwiches and old newspapers strewed the once beautiful avenue, all ground into a nasty mess by thousands of feet. Add to this the appearance of the buildings on either side, littered with rough lumber stands, and the Yorker was barely able to recognize the well-kept thoroughfare which is the pride of every inhabitant in Gotham. Washington could have taken both of the mammoth centennial parades of this week and made of them a thing of beauty. A big parade on broad, smooth Pennsylvania avenue is a great contrast to a big parade on our narrow 5th avenue, lined with buildings up to the very edge of the street boundary. Here the only really good view of the marching hosts was that obtained from the tallest roofs, because the line of onlookers was packed so close as to give the procession barely enough space in the middle of the street to pass. In Washington the many squares and parks and the broad avenue allow even those on the ground a fair op portunity to separate the people in the show rom the people in the audience, so to speak. The Washington Light Infantry made a great

impression, especially among the ladies, who cheered enthusiastically the martial bearing of Col. Moore's men. Their uniform was declared the handsomest of any organization in the line and, after the West Point Cadets, their marching and maneuvering were the most perfect. THE DISCRDERLY BALL.

Passing from the parades to other features of the centennial, the first that deserves mention is the ball, and it deserves mention in terms of strongest condemnation. Ward McAllister is amply avenged for his abrupt dismissal from its management. I have looked upon many scenes of mad and furious rioting at similar assemblages of toughs, but I have never seen disorder more drunkenly rampant than at this, the American "court ball" of the century, After the quadrille d'honneur nobody danced except in occasional instances where away off in one corner a few feet of clear space was taken advantage of for a spin by one or two couples in a waltz. It was said that 3,000 more people were in the ball room than had been dmitted by ticket, and I don't believe the number was much exaggerated. Everything was apparently free as air to all who came, and the champagne was especially free. When the supper-room doors were opened there was a peli-mell rush for the bar that would have shamed Billy McGlory's scarlet ball. Women's Carnrick's Soluble Food, Med. flimsy laces were torn from them, and trains were ripped at every turn. The waiters were striken with such a panic that they handed out free wine right and left, and the men stowed bottles under their coats, glasses in their coattail pockets, and fought their way to a place where they could at leisure knock the neck off the bottle and drink the wine. If they carried the bottles in their hands other men who hadn't any would snatch away the coveted exhilarant, and the curses among the belligerent were of the choicest Bowery billingsgate. Ladies struggled in this disgusting crowd were insulted freely, and sometimes received painful bruises. And sad to say some women fought as madly for the champagne as the men, and after the President left some of these women, as well as the men, were most unmistakably drunk. And Inspector Byrnes, whose corps of experienced detectives was present, declares that there was but one person in the ball-room whose character was at all shady. I hope he is mistaken, for it would be a disgrace to our civilization to know that such conduct was possible from peo-ple who had to have their references approved before they were allowed to buy tickets. after 1 o'clock the police were ordered to clear the supper-room, and they were compelled to do it with the same brute force that they have used before now at balls where not one of the 400 would be seen for a kingdom. Stayvesant Fish himself, the grand mogul who displaced Ward McAllister, was hustled out of the supper-room with a lady on his arm and a policeman's club poked in his ribs, and this mortification of the party responsi-ble for all the devilment of the ball was a fitting climax to the mismanaged orgie. Out in the corridor female and male guests stood in line for an hour to get wraps and hats that had been checked, and when the police finally put out the lights and closed the at 4 o'clock, they bustled out several men and women hatless and umbrella-less, ladies separated from their escorts, and people who were unable to get the carriages they had come in and were waiting for others to be procured. The friends of Ward McAllister are liberal ever since with their "I-told-you-so's," and they say with satisfaction that a man may manage railroad and make a success of it, but when it comes to balls railroad tactics are utterly use-

on Tuesday night at the Metropolitan opera house was a distinguished success so far as the viands went, but it was a dismal failure in the speech-making, chiefly because the toasts were so arranged that there was very little to talk about except the father of his country and the Constitution of the great United States, Of course, these are noble and instructive themes to discuss; but too much Constitution and too much Washington are tiresome on a full stom-ach. I was inclined to agree with a young chap

who sat near me in the top gallery, when he re-marked, that it would be a pleasant diversion

if the management would introduce a seng-and-dance or exhibit a mammoth fat woman

now and then to break the monotony. The services at St. Paul's were impressive enough, but a deft small boy could have pitched a base ball through the church in almost any direction without hitting anybody. The literary exercises were well attended, but there was a trifle too much constitution again, as at the ball. The naval parade was the greatest success of all, and Admiral Porter deserves high praise for the beautiful spectacle given us. Everything worked as if done by machinery, and New Yorkers have now a greater respect for the training and sections.

greater respect for the training and efficiency of our tars than they ever had before. Well, the centennial is over, and New York is, on the whole, satisfied, whatever impression the rest of the world may have. We have made lots of money off the visiting thousands, but we have spent lots of money, and spent it like lords, in keeping up our end of the display. We have made some deplorable mistakes, it is true, but then it must be remembered that this is the first centennial celebration we ever handled. Next time we can promise that mistakes will be fewer.

H. H. SOULÉ.

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